

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



"GO TO WORK! NO! HOLD OUT FOR THE NINE HOURS, DABBY," SAID SAM SHUCK.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XV.—SOMEBODY "PITCHED INTO."

How do the poor manage to pull through illness? Through distress, through hunger, through cold, through nakedness, above all, through the close, unwholesome atmosphere in which too many of them are obliged to live, they struggle on from sickness back to health.

Look at the children of Robert Darby. The low fever which attacked them had in some inexplicable way been subdued, without its going on to the dreaded typhus. If typhus had appeared at that untoward time in Daffodil's

Delight, why, then, no earthly power could have helped them.

Little pale pinched forms, but with the disease gone, there sat the children. Colder weather had come, and they had gathered round the bit of fire: fire it could scarcely be called, for it was only a few decaying embers. All sat on the floor, save Willy; he was in a chair, leaning his head back on a pillow. The boy had probably never been fitted by constitution for a prolonged life, though he might have lasted some years more, under favourable surroundings; as it was, fever and privation had done their work with him, and the little spirit was

nearly worn out. Mrs. Darby had taken him round to Mr. Rice. "He does not want me, he wants good nourishment, and plenty of it," was the apothecary's announcement! And Mrs. Darby took him home again.

"Mother, the fire's nearly out."

"I can't help it, Willy. There's no more coal, and nothing to buy it with."

"Take something, mother."

You may or may not, as you are acquainted or not with the habits of the poor, be aware that this sentence referred to the pawnbroker: spoken out fully it would have been, "Take something and pledge it, mother." In cases of long-continued general distress, the children of a family know just as much about its ways and means as the heads do.

Mrs. Darby cast her eyes round the kitchen. There was nothing to take, nothing that would raise them help, to speak of. As she stood over Willy, parting the hair with her gentle finger upon his little pale brow, her tears dropped upon his face. The pillow on which his head leaned? Ay: she had thought of that with longing; but how would his poor little head do without it? The last things put in pledge had been Darby's tools.

The latch of the door opened, and Grace entered. She appeared to be in some deep distress. Flinging herself on a chair, she clasped hold of her mother, sobbing wildly, clinging to her as if for protection. "Oh, mother, they have accused me of theft; the police have been had to me!" were the confused words that broke from her lips.

Grace had taken a service in a baker's family, where there was an excessively cross mistress. She was a well-conducted, honest girl, and, since the mistress had commenced at home, had brought her wages straight to her mother, whenever they were paid her. For the last week or two, the girl had brought something more. On the days when she believed she could get a minute to run home in the evening, she had put by her allowance of meat at dinner—they lived well at the baker's—and made it upon bread and potatoes. Had Grace for a moment suspected there was anything wrong or dishonest in this, she would not have done it: she deemed the meat was hers, and she took it to Willy. On this day, two good slices of mutton were cut for her; she put them by, ate her potatoes and bread, and after dinner, upon being sent on an errand past Daffodil's Delight, was taking them out with her.

The mistress pounced upon her. She abused her, she reproached her of theft, she called her husband to join in the accusation, and finally, a policeman was brought in from the street, probably more to frighten the girl than to give her in charge. It did frighten her in no measured degree. She protested, as well as she could do it for her sobs, that she had no dishonest thought; that she had believed the meat to be hers to eat it or not as she pleased, and that she was going to take it to her little brother, who was dying. The policeman decided that it was not a case for charge at the police court, and the baker's wife ended the matter by turning her out. All this, with sobs and moans, she by degrees explained now.

Robert Darby, who had entered during the scene, placed his hand, more in sorrow than in anger, upon Grace's shoulder, in his stern honesty. "Daughter, I'd far rather we all dropped down here upon the floor and died out with starvation, than that you should have brought home what was not yours to bring."

"There's no need for you to scold her, Robert," spoke Mrs. Darby, with more temper than she, in her meekness, often betrayed: and her conscience told her that she had purposely kept these little episodes from her husband. "It is the bits of meat she has fed him with twice or

thrice a week that has just kept life in him; that's my firm belief."

"She shouldn't have done it; it was not hers to bring," returned Robert Darby.

"What else has he had to feed him?" proceeded the wife. "What do any of us have? You are getting nothing."

The tone was a reproachful one. With her starving children before her, and one of them dying, the poor mother's wrong heart could but speak out.

"I know I am getting nothing," was his answer. "Is it my fault? I wish I could get something. I'd work my fingers to the bone to keep my children."

"Robert, let me speak to you," she said in an imploring tone, the tears gushing from her eyes. "I have sat here this week and asked myself, every hour of it, what we shall do. Our things to make money on are gone; the pittance we get allowed by the society does not keep body and soul together; and this state of things gets worse and will get worse. What is to become of us? What are we to do?"

Robert Darby leaned in his old jacket—one considerably the worse for wear—against the kitchen wall, his countenance gloomy, his attitude bespeaking misery. He knew not what they were to do, therefore he did not attempt to say. Grace had laid down her inflated face upon the edge of Willy's pillow and was sobbing silently.

"You have just said you would work your fingers to the bone to keep your children," resumed Mrs. Darby to her husband.

"I'd work for them till the flesh dropped off me. I'd ask no better than to do it," he vehemently said. "But where am I to get work to do now?"

"Baxendale has got it," she rejoined in a low tone.

Grace started from her leaning posture. "Oh, father, do as Baxendale has done; don't let the children quite starve. If you had been in work, this dreadful thing would not have happened: it will be a slur upon me for life."

"So I would, girl, but for the Trades' Unions."

"Father, the Trades' Unions seem to bring you no good; but harm. Don't trust them any longer; trust the masters now."

Never was there a better meaning man than Robert Darby; but he was too easily swayed by others. Latterly it had appeared to him that the Trades' Unions did bring him harm, and his trust in them was shaken. "They'd cast me off, you see," he observed to his wife, in an ir-resolute tone.

"What if they did? The masters would take you on. Stand right with the masters—"

Mrs. Darby was interrupted by a shriek from Grace. Little Willy, whom nobody had been giving attention to, was lying back with a white face, senseless. Whether from the weakness of his condition, or from the unusual excitement of the scene going on around him, certain it was that the child had fainted.

There was some little bustle in bringing him to, and Mrs. Darby sat down, the boy upon her lap. "What ailed you, deary?" said Robert, bending down to him.

"I don't know, father."

Mrs. Darby pulled her husband's ear close to her lips. "When the boy's dead, you'll wish you had cared for him more than for the Trades' Unions, and worked for him."

The words told upon the man. Perhaps for the first time he had fully realized to his imagination the moment when he should see his boy lying dead before him. "I will work," he exclaimed. "Willy, boy, father'll go and get work, and soon bring you home something good to eat, as he used to."

Willy's hot lips parted with a pleasant smile of response; his blue eyes glistened brightly. Robert Darby bent his rough unshaven face, and took a kiss from the child's smooth one.

"Yes, my boy: father *will* work."

He went out, bending his steps towards Slippery Sam's—who, by the way, had latterly exacted the title of "Mr. Shuck." There was a code of honour—as they regarded it—amidst these operatives of the Hunters, to do nothing underhanded, without first speaking to the Unions' man, Sam Shuck: as was mentioned in the case of Baxendale.

It happened that Mr. Shuck was standing in the strip of garden before his house, carrying on a wordy war over the palings with Mrs. Quale, when Darby came up. Peter Quale had, of course, been locked out with the rest, but with the first hour that Mr. Hunter's yard was open, Peter returned to his work. He did not belong to the Trades' Unions: never had, and never would; therefore, he was a free man. He was left to do as he liked in peace: somehow, the Union did not care to interfere with Peter Quale. Peter pursued his own course quietly—going to his work and returning from it, saying little to the malecontents of Daffodil's Delight. Not so Mrs. Quale: she exercised her tongue upon them whenever she got the chance.

"Now, Robert Darby! how are them children of your'n?" began she. "Starved out yet?"

"Next door to it," was Darby's answer.

"And whose is the fault?" she went on. "If I had children, and my husband wouldn't work to keep 'em out of their graves, through getting some nasty mistaken crotchet in his head, and holding out when the work was a-going begging, I'd go before a magistrate and see if I couldn't have the law of him."

"You'd do a good many things if you wore the breeches. But you don't," sneered Sam.

"You be wearing whole breeches now, which you get out of the blood and marrow of the poor misguided men," retorted Mrs. Quale. "They won't last out whole for ever, Slippery Sam."

"They'll last out as long as I want 'em to, I daresay," said Sam. "Have you come up for anything particular, Darby?"

"I have come to talk a bit, Shuck. There seems no chance of this state of things coming to an end."

"No, that there doesn't. You men are preventing that."

"Us men!" exclaimed Robert Darby in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I don't mean you: I don't mean the sturdy honest ones who hold out for their rights like men: I mean the other lot. If every operative in the kingdom had held out, to a man, the masters would have given in long ago—they must have done it; and you would all be back, working in triumph the nine hours per day. I spoke of those rats who sneak in, and take the work, to the detriment of the honest man."

"At any rate, the rats are getting the best of it just now," said Robert Darby.

"That they are," said Mrs. Quale, exultingly, who would not lose an opportunity of putting in her word. "It isn't *their* children that are dropping into their winding-sheets through want of food."

"If I had my way, I'd hang every man who in this crisis is putting his hand to a stroke of work," exclaimed Sam Shuck. "Traitors! to turn and work for masters after they had resorted to a lock-out! It was that lock-out floored us."

"Of course it was," assented Mrs. Quale with complaisance. "If the Union only had money coming in

from the men, they'd hold out for ever. But the general lock-out stopped that."

"Well, Shuck, as things seem to be getting worse instead of better, and prospects look altogether so gloomy, I shall go back to work myself," resumed Darby.

"Chut," said Shuck.

"Will you tell me what I *am* to do? I'd rather turn a thousand miles the other way than I'd put my foot indoors, and see things as they are there. If a man can clam himself, he can't watch those belonging to him clam. Every farthing of allowance I had from the society last week, was——"

"You had your share," interrupted Sam. "Think of the thousands there is to divide it among. The subscriptions have come in very well as yet, but they be falling off now."

"And think of the society's expenses," interposed Mrs. Quale, with suavity. "The scores of gentlemen, like Mr. Sam Shuck, as there is to pay, and keep on the fat of the land."

"You shut up, will you?" growled Sam. "Ryan," called out he, to a man who was lounging up, "here's Darby saying he thinks he shall go to work."

"Oh, but that would be rich," said Ryan, laughing. "Darby, man, you'd never desert the society! It couldn't spare you."

"I want to do for the best," said Darby; "and it seems to me that to hold out is for the worst. Shuck, just answer me a question or two, as from man to man. If the masters fill their yards with other operatives, what is to become of us?"

"They can't fill their yards with other operatives," returned Shuck. "Where's the use of talking nonsense?"

"But they can: they are doing it."

"They are not. They have got just a sprinkling of men for show—not many. Where are they to get them from?"

"Do you know what I heard? That Mr. Henry Hunter has been over to Belgium, and one or two of the other masters have also been, and——"

"No fear of the Belgium workmen!" interrupted Ryan. "What English master 'ud employ them half-starved frogs?"

"I heard that Mr. Henry Hunter was quite thunder-struck at their skill," continued Darby, paying no attention to the interruption. "Their tools are bad: they are not to be called tools, compared to ours; but they turn out finished work. Their decorative work is beautiful. Mr. Henry put the question to them, whether they would like to come to England and earn five-and-sixpence per day, instead of three shillings as they do there, and they jumped at it. He told them that perhaps he might be sending for them."

"Where did you hear that fine tale?" asked Slippery Sam.

"It's going about among us. I daresay you have heard it also, Shuck. Mr. Henry was away somewhere for nine or ten days."

"Let 'em come, them Belgicks," sneered Ryan. "Maybe they'd go back with their heads off. It couldn't take much to split the skull of them French beggars. How dare the masters think of taking on forringers, and leaving us to starve?"

"But the preventing of it lies with us," said Darby. "If we go back to work, there'll be no room for them."

"Darby," rejoined Shuck, in a persuasive tone; "let us just reason the matter. The bone of contention is the letting us work nine hours a day instead of ten:

well, why should they not accord it? Isn't there men, outsiders, willing to work a full day's work, but can't get it? this extra hour, thrown up by us, would give employment to them. Would the masters be any the worse off?"

"They say they'd be the hour's wages out of pocket."

"Flam!" ejaculated Sam. "It would come out of the public's pocket, not out of the masters'. They would add so much the more on to their contracts, and nobody would be the worse. It's just a dogged feeling of obstinacy that's upon 'em; it's nothing else. They'll come to in the end, if you men will only let them. Hold out, hold out, Darby! If you are to give in to them now, where has been the use of this struggle? Haven't you waited for it, and starved for it, and hoped for it?"

"Very true," replied Darby, feeling in a perplexing state of indecision.

"Don't give in, man, at the eleventh hour. A little longer, and the victory will be ours. You see, it is not the bare fact of your going back that does the mischief: it's the example it sets. But for that scoundrel Baxendale's turning tail, you would not have thought about it."

"I don't know that," said Darby.

"One bad sheep will spoil a flock," continued Sam, puffing away at a cigar which he was smoking. He would have enjoyed a pipe a great deal more; but gentlemen smoked cigars, and Sam wanted to look as much like a gentleman as he could: it had been suggested to him that it would add to his power over the operatives.

"Why, Darby, we have got it all in our own hands—if you men could but be brought to see it: it's as plain as the nose before you. Us builders, taking us in all our branches, might be the most united and prosperous body of men in the world. Only let us pull together, and have consideration for our fellows, and put away selfishness. Binding ourselves, all of us, to work but nine hours—perhaps but eight, after a bit, we should—"

"It is a good thing you have not got much of an audience here, Sam Shuck! That doctrine of yours is false and pernicious—in opposition to the laws of God and man."

The interruption proceeded from Dr. Bevary. He had come into the garden unperceived by Sam, who was lounging on the side palings, his back to the gate. The Doctor had come to pay a visit to Mary Baxendale.

Sam started up. "What did you say, sir?"

"What did I say?" repeated Dr. Bevary. "I think it should be, what did you say? You would dare to circumscribe the means God has given to man—to set a limit to his talents and his labour! You would say, 'So far shall you work, and no farther!' Who are you, and all such as you, that you should assume such power, and set yourselves up between God and your fellow-men?"

"Hear, hear!" interrupted Mrs. Quale, putting her head out at her window—for she had gone in-doors.

"I have been a hard worker for years," continued Dr. Bevary. "Mentally and practically I have toiled—toiled, Sam Shuck—to improve and make use of the talents intrusted to me. My days are spent in alleviating, so far as may be, the sufferings of my fellow creatures; when I go to rest, I often lie awake half the night, pondering difficult questions of medical science. What man living has God endowed with power to come and say to me, 'You shall not do this; you shall only work half your hours; you shall only earn a limited amount of fees?' Answer me."

"It's not a parallel case, sir, with ours," returned Sam.

"It is a parallel case," said Dr. Bevary. "There's your friend next door, Peter Quale: by diligence he has made himself into a finished artizan; by dint of industry,

in working over hours, he has amassed a competence that will keep him out of the workhouse in his old age. What reason or principle of justice can there be in your saying, 'He shall not do this; he shall receive no more than I do, or than Ryan there does? Because Ryan is an inferior workman, and I love idleness and drink better than work, Quale and others shall not work to have an advantage over us; we will all share and fare alike.' Out upon you, Slippery Sam, for promulgating doctrines so false! you must be the incarnation of selfishness or you could not do it. They can never obtain sway in free and enlightened England."

The Doctor stepped into Shuck's house, on his way to Mary, leaving Sam on the gravel. Sam put his arm within Darby's, and led him down the street, out of the Doctor's way, when he should come forth, and set himself to undo what the Doctor's words had done, and to breathe persuasive arguments into Darby's ear.

Darby went home. It had grown dusk then, for Sam had treated him to a glass at the "Bricklayers' Arms," where sundry other friends were taking their glasses. There appeared to be a commotion in his house as he entered; his wife, Grace, and the young ones were withdrawing from standing round Willy.

"He has had another fainting fit," said Mrs. Darby to her husband. "And now—I declare illness is the strangest thing!—he says he is hungry."

The child put out his hot hand. "Father!"

Robert Darby advanced and took it. "Be you better, dear? What ails you this evening?"

"Father," whispered the child, hopefully, "have you got the work?"

"When do you begin, Robert? To-morrow?"

Darby's eyes fell, and his face clouded. "I can't ask for it," he answered. "The society won't let me."

A great cry. A cry from the mother, from Grace, from the poor little child. Hope had lighted up once more within them. "You shall soon have food; father's going to work again, darlings," the mother had said to the hungry little ones, and now the hopes were dashed. The disappointment was bitter.

"Is he to die of hunger?" exclaimed Mrs. Darby in bitterness, pointing to Willy. "You said you would work for him."

"So I would, if they'd let me. I'd work the life out of me, but what I'd get a crust for ye all; but the Trades' Union won't have it," panted Darby. "What am I to do?"

"Work without the Trades' Union, father, interposed Grace. "Baxendale has done it."

"They are threatening Baxendale awfully. But it is not that I'd care for. The society would put a mark upon me: I should be a banned man: and when this struggle's over, they say, I should be let get work by neither masters nor men. My tools be in pledge, too."

Mrs. Darby threw her apron over her eyes and burst into tears; Grace was already crying silently, and the boy had his imploring little hands held up. "Robert, they be your own children! I never thought you'd see them starve."

Another minute and the man would have cried with them. He went out of doors, perhaps to sob his emotion away. Two or three steps down the street he encountered John Baxendale. The latter slipped five shillings into his hand.

"Tut, man; don't be squeamish. Take it for the children. You'd do as much for mine, if you had got it and I hadn't. Mary and I have been talking about you. She heard you having an argument with that snake, Shuck."

"They be starving, Baxendale, or I wouldn't take it," returned the man, the tears running down his pinched face. "I'll pay you back with the first work I get. I say, have a care of yourself; they are going on again you at a fine rate."

Come what would, Darby determined to furnish a home meal with this relief, which seemed like a very help from heaven. He bought two pounds of beef, a pound of cheese, some tea, some sugar, two loaves of bread, and a lemon to make drink for Willy. Turning home with these various treasures, he became aware that a bustle had arisen in the street. Men and women were pressing down towards one particular spot. Tongues were busy; but he could not at first obtain an insight into the cause of the stir.

"An obnoxious man had been set upon in a lonely corner, under cover of the night's darkness, and pitched into—beaten to death," was at length explained.

Away flew Darby, a horrible suspicion at his heart. Pushing his way amidst the crowd collected round the spot, as only a resolute man can do, he stood face to face with the sight. One, trampled on and beaten, lay in the dust, his face covered in blood. "Is it Baxendale?" shouted Darby, for he was unable to recognise him.

"It's Baxendale, as sure as a trivet. Who else should it be? He have caught it at last."

But there were pitying faces around. Humanity revolted at the sight; and quiet, inoffensive John Baxendale had ever been liked in Daffodil's Delight. Robert Darby, his voice rising to a shriek with emotion, held out his armful of provisions.

"Look here! I wanted to work, but the Union won't let me. My wife and children be a starving at home, one of them dying: I came out, for I couldn't bear to stop in-doors in the misery. Then I met a friend—it seemed to me more like an angel—and he gave me money to feed my children—made me take it; he said if I had money and he not, I'd do as much for him. See what I bought with it; I was carrying it home for my poor children when this cry arose. Friends, the one to give it me was Baxendale, and you have murdered him!"

Another great cry, even as Darby concluded, arose to break the deep stillness. No stillness is so deep as that caused by emotion.

"He is not dead!" shouted the crowd. "See! he is stirring. Who could have done this?"

OUR COAL AND IRON, AND THE MEN WHO GET THEM.

THERE are no authentic records of the time when coal and iron were discovered in this country. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it is quite probable that coal was known to the ancient Britons, a flint axe having been found in some old workings in Monmouthshire. That the Romans were acquainted with the properties of coal appears certain, from the fact of several Roman coins having been taken from large cinder heaps in Yorkshire.

The earliest records we have, of a trustworthy character, respecting the digging of coal, do not carry us back any further than the year 853.

On December 1st, 1239, Henry III granted a charter to the townsmen of Newcastle, empowering them to dig coal. This is the first direct mention of the working of coal to any great extent in this country, and is, therefore, an interesting point to notice. Some idea of the pro-

gress made in the coal trade may be obtained by referring to the oversea and coastwise exports of 1861. From the best returns as yet before us, it appears that during 1861 1,916,588 tons of coal, and 128,773 tons of coke, were shipped for foreign countries: and coastwise the enormous quantity of 2,345,017 tons of coal, and 20,972 tons of coke, or a total of 4,261,605 tons of coal, and 149,745 tons of coke, from the port of Newcastle alone. Over and above the millions of tons conveyed by railways to different parts of the country, or consumed in districts where it is procured, in furnaces, forges, mills, and foundries, the total quantity of coals and coke shipped at the several ports in England, Scotland, and Wales was, during 1861, as follows:—

	COALS. Tons.	COKE. Tons.
Foreign countries	7,111,875	250,471
Coastwise	9,910,534	41,605
	17,022,409	292,076

The coal trade, which in the present day has assumed such vast proportions as to call for between sixty and seventy million tons annually, encountered severe opposition at first, and had to contend with vested interests and national prejudices. Even so late as the year 1306, the inhabitants of London were prohibited the use of coal, and by a subsequent proclamation delinquents were fined, and had their furnaces or kilns destroyed.

From carefully prepared statistics, it appears that the area of coal fields in the United Kingdom is somewhere about ten thousand square miles, and that we are exhausting the same at the rate of eleven or twelve square miles every year. These calculations being based on trustworthy data, we have no occasion to fear that our coal supplies will be exhausted in our day, for, at the present rate of consumption, there is sufficient to last several centuries.

It is estimated that the quantity of iron ore which was raised in the year 1855 was 9,553,741 tons, from which about 3,218,154 tons of pig iron were made, and realized, at an average, upwards of £4 per ton. To make this prodigious quantity of iron, there would be consumed, in blast furnaces alone, about nine million tons of coal, and two and a half million tons of limestone.

Taking the coal and iron-stone together, it will be found, on the very lowest calculation, that £20,000,000 sterling would not purchase, at the pit's mouth, the produce of 1855. Reckoning coal at an average of 5s., and iron-stone 9s. 6d. per ton, we have 64,453,070 tons of coal at 5s.—£16,113,267; 9,553,741 tons of iron-stone, 9s. 6d.—£4,527,687: total, £20,640,954. The total value of pig-iron at the furnace, for the year 1858, was £10,368,192; whereas the supply of last year was 3,972,280 tons, but its value considerably less than for several years past.

Remembering the immense value of our coal and iron, and the vast number of persons employed in procuring them for our use from the bowels of the earth, it cannot be considered irrelevant if the questions are asked, What has been done to ameliorate the condition of those men to whom, under God, Britain stands indebted for the high position she occupies in manufacture and commerce? What efforts have been made to improve the social, moral, and spiritual condition of our coal and iron districts? We readily admit that considerable improvements have been made in the carrying out of the works in a coal mine; that safety lamps have been introduced; that the winding apparatus, and pumping machinery, form a striking contrast to those in use at the commencement of the present century. It is also as freely admitted that women and girls are no longer permitted

to spend their days in dreary coal pits, carrying through confined galleries and roadways ponderous loads of coal, in large baskets swung over their shoulders; and further, that boys of the tender age of six are not at the present time met with in the gloomy pit. It must not be forgotten that Acts of Parliament have been passed, and inspectors appointed, for the express purpose of making the miners' occupation less hazardous.

Without having any desire to undervalue the improvements enumerated above, it will be admitted that much remains to be done for the safety of the miners in their perilous work.

Now and then, public attention is aroused by the reports of such calamities as those at Wigan, Blaina, Cymmer, Lundhill, Ashton, Risca, Hartley, or Merthyr. But it is seldom remembered that about 1000 poor men and boys are killed every year in coal pits alone, and several thousands receive permanent injuries, and thousands more suffer from the inhalation of noxious gases.

From the inspector's returns, it appears that between January 1st, 1851, and December 31st, 1859, there were killed in coal pits 8920 men and boys. On examination, we find that the average of deaths each year in coal pits, between January 1st, 1851, and December 31st, 1859, was 4.5 to every thousand persons employed.

Deaths by casualties in coal pits in the year 1851—

	To every 1000 employed.
Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland	3.3
South Wales, Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire	3.3
Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	4.1
Scotland	4.5
Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales	5.0
Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire	7.5
Total	4.5

In striking and favourable contrast to these returns, it is only necessary to refer to the returns of mining casualties in some other countries. In Prussia, for instance, they are but 1.89, in Belgium 2.8, whereas in Great Britain they are 4.5, and in the South Staffordshire district 7.5 to every thousand employed in coal pits. It may well be asked, in the face of such returns as these, How is it that three times as many are killed in the coal mines of England as in the coal mines of Prussia, and twice the number as in Belgium; whereas in South Staffordshire there were in 1854, nearly fifty per cent. more deaths from colliery casualties than in all the other coal fields in the country? To procure a million tons of coal throughout Britain, 16.2 lives were lost, while to procure the same quantity in the South Stafford district 26.8 were sacrificed, and in South Stafford itself a still larger number. It has been a standing reproach to this country, that so little interest has been taken in our mining operatives.

Provision has already been made for the gratuitous treatment of every species of disease; homes, or almshouses for the destitute, schools for both sexes, whether orphans or not; asylums for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. Life-boats, fire-escapes, and other valuable contrivances for the preservation of life, have met with the support they deserve. In fact, to assuage the woes of mankind, whether in poverty or pain, seems to have almost exhausted human ingenuity. Even dumb animals have been benefited by the sympathies of the public. And yet, strange to say, the operatives in coal mines, who contribute so much towards our manufactures, commerce, and common comforts, with all the horrors of their existence, have found but few friends.

It is, therefore, with considerable pleasure that we

direct the attention of our readers to the National Association for the Relief of British Miners. Its promoters propose that its operations shall be divided into three sections or departments, viz.—

Science—Considered in relation to its capability to prevent accidents in mining operations.

Education—As a means to the same end, by awakening a proper sense of the responsibility which attaches to persons holding positions of trust, who may have many lives dependent on their care, and by making the great mass of our mining population aware of the dangers to which they are exposed, to render it impossible for incompetent persons to hold the position of overlookers of mines, whilst, at the same time, greater caution and less foolhardiness will be secured in the men.

Finance and Relief—By the collection of voluntary subscriptions, adequate to the instant relief of the families of those killed, to secure provision for the infirm and disabled from a separate fund, to which the miners themselves will be encouraged to contribute their numerous mites, and to relieve them generally in affliction, by the distribution of funds for the purposes indicated, in accordance with principles and regulations to be agreed on by the Association.

Under the head *Science*, the following remarks are met with in the Prospectus of the Association for the Relief of British Miners: "It is a well established fact, that the fearful sacrifices of human life which take place from explosions, and the action of choke damp in mines, are preventible. In the first rank of preservatives all the authorities concur in placing ventilation. More perfect, more powerful ventilation, is urged by all the Government Inspectors; and the advocates of it go so far as to assert that, with sufficiently powerful ventilation, the fiercest pit may be swept so clean as to be free from all practical danger. The atmosphere would be rendered much more healthy for the miners to work in, and there would be a diminution of seventy-five per cent. in the number of deaths from colliery explosions.

"But however efficient any system of ventilation may be in itself, its efficacy or otherwise must in a great measure depend on the careful attention of the persons in charge of the working department of the mine. If the manager or underground viewer does not interest himself in the matter, and see that the ventilating process in the mine is properly looked after, the apparatus may be perfect, and yet some frightful calamity may ensue. To secure the watchful vigilance of this important class of men, prizes are proposed to be given by this Association annually, to those managers or underground viewers who have exhibited the greatest care in providing for the health and safety of the miners working under their charge. The hands of managers and underground viewers would, it is thought, be materially strengthened in lessening the risk of accidents in mines, if some system of reward were adopted, to be given to men noted for their careful and cautious mode of working, and some provision made for inducing the men generally to apprise the manager or other person of authority in the mines, of those men whose general carelessness or recklessness, not only places their own lives in jeopardy, but also those of every individual working in the mine. The rewards to be payable on a certificate of a Government Inspector or any other competent party named by the Association."

With the recollection of Lundhill and Hartley,* and

* When any fearful catastrophe happens, such as at the Hartley pit, public charity is largely evoked; above £70,000 having been given on that occasion. But in many other sad accidents, which do not excite equal public notice, no help is given. By contributing to the support of the National Association for the Relief of Miners, the permanent benefit of the whole class may be promoted.

what has been already said respecting the sacrifice of life in our coal pits, we may hope that the public will send a sufficient sum to the offices of the Association, 23, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, so that the committee may be able to apply themselves to the work which they have so generously undertaken.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE KING AND THE VALET.

FREDERICK WILLIAM III, who during the greater part of his life, and almost all his reign, had to struggle with adverse and deeply depressing circumstances, and in whose character gravity naturally formed a prominent feature, was yet by no means destitute of good humour, which imparted a peculiar zest to his familiar intercourse. The following authentic anecdotes may serve as specimens.

One day, as the footmen were setting out the royal table, one of them could not resist the desire to taste the bottle of excellent claret which he was intrusted to place on it, and in the persuasion that he at that particular moment ran no risk of detection, he put the bottle he was about to decant to his lips, and indulged in one or two mouthfuls of the delectable liquor. But, as ill luck would have it, at that very moment the saloon was entered by the Court Marshal, or Chamberlain, a man of stern rule as well as strict integrity, who thus became eye-witness of the flagitious transgression.

In his terror and confusion the culprit hastily withdrew the flask from his mouth, and in so doing spilled a considerable portion of the dark-coloured contents on his snowy livery waistcoat, which thus became his incontrovertible though dumb accuser. With a withering look the Court Marshal, or Chamberlain, announced to the convicted menial that he had forfeited his place in the royal household, from which he counselled him to withdraw as soon as possible, following up the denouncement with a well-deserved lecture, delivered in no measured terms; while, overwhelmed with shame and grief, the detected one stood before his awful superior unable to speak a word or move a limb.

At this moment the king himself appeared on the scene. Having caught the last words of reprehension, and seeing the corpse-like countenance of the valet and the purple stains on his white waistcoat, his Majesty was not slow in forming a shrewd conjecture as to the real state of affairs; but, happily for the offender, the impression on the royal mind was a comical one. Perhaps the king's countenance betrayed this, for, full of contrition, yet not wholly despairing, the criminal fell on his knees before the sovereign and implored forgiveness.

But this action had nearly defeated its purpose, for Frederick William called out in a tone of deep displeasure, "Stand up! No man dare kneel to a fellow-creature. To God alone belongs such homage."

Springing to his feet with the speed of lightning, the unfortunate hung his head in despair, believing all was now lost. But the king's merry mood had returned, and, yielding to its impulse, he said, in his characteristic abrupt manner, as he bent a would-be admonitory glance on the culprit, "When thirsty again, drink *white* wine: it does not leave such tell-tale stains on white waistcoats; for this time, forgiven." Adding, with a now irrepressible laugh, "Must not make the Court Marshal angry again; every one must do his duty."

And with this sentence the offence was forgiven, but not so quickly forgotten; for the occurrence furnished the kind-hearted monarch with more than one hearty

laugh, as he rehearsed the scene to the participator of all his joys and sorrows, the beloved Queen Louisa, in the presence of the Court Chamberlain, who readily consented to rescind officially the sentence of dismissal with which he had in just indignation visited the offence.

THE KING AND QUEEN LOUISA.

The king was in the habit of breakfasting every morning with the queen in her boudoir. On one occasion his Majesty remarked a pretty simple morning cap lying on his royal consort's work-table, and, taking it up, he asked, looking at the queen, "What may be the cost?"

Queen Louisa hesitated for a moment, and then said merrily, "What use is there in telling you? all men think every article of ladies' dress too dear."

Frederick William was only the more stimulated in his inquiry, and the queen in her bantering refusal, till at length the king prevailed, and she laughingly exclaimed, "Well, if your curiosity must be satisfied, it cost four dollars," (twelve shillings sterling.)

"A monstrous deal of money for such a little thing," cried the monarch, with affected seriousness; and, as it chanced that an invalided non-commissioned officer passed at the moment the open window of the boudoir, the king called him in, and, after receiving the old soldier's respectful salute, held up the cap, dangling between his fingers and thumb, before the eyes of the astonished veteran, asking, "And how much think you might this affair cost?"

"Begging your Majesty's pardon," began the invalid, in a deprecatory tone, "the like of us does not understand such matters; but much it could not cost, it is so small—perhaps ten or twelve groschens.*"

"Groschens!" repeated the king in a tone of assumed displeasure; "you are quite out in your guess, friend! No less than four dollars has been given for it by this fair lady here; and as that is unquestionably a great extravagance, you can go up to her now and ask her to give you the same sum, since her purse is so lavishly filled."

The old soldier was thrown into the most puzzling predicament, and could not see clearly in how far he dare venture to enter into the jest (for such he felt it to be); but the queen at once relieved him, for, putting on a gaily malicious smile, she went up to the hesitating sergeant, placed four silver dollars in his hand, and then said, pointing to the king, "The puissant lord standing there at the window has a purse much more lavishly filled than mine, for from him I receive all I possess. Go up, therefore, to him, and I am sure he will give you the double of what I have just handed to you; he is well able to do it."

The wary old soldier cast a sly glance of inquiry towards his royal master, (who had assuredly little anticipated the turn affairs had taken,) before he would venture to advance, but, meeting a friendly smile, soon stood before the king, who, drawing out his purse, with a shrug which seemed to say, "I have got into a fine mess with my jesting," handed eight dollars to the delighted greybeard, who instantly backed out of the royal presence with a precipitation which seemed to imply a fear that the dollars might perchance be redemanded, as given merely in jest. On his exit the queen clapped her hands merrily, and exclaimed, with a joyous laugh, "Who has paid dearest for the cap, I should like to know?" And, amid laughing reprisals, the happy couple sat down to breakfast.

* A Groschen then was worth, at the utmost, three halfpence English.

THE PURSE HAWKER.

One day the monarch went to take a walk in the Berlin Deer Park, accompanied by one of the princesses, who leaned on her father's arm, attired in a very simple morning costume, while Frederick William, as was his wont, wore a plain undress uniform, not only without decoration, but even devoid of any distinctive badge of military rank. In one of the least frequented walks, a very poorly clad boy approached the walkers and offered for sale some small insignificant-looking netted purses, of which he carried a number in a little basket.

The king waved the boy off with a repellant gesture; but the little salesman trotted on close to the king, reiterating, "Please buy one, Mr. Lieutenant, even one only; it costs but six groschens (about eightpence sterling), and if you do not need one yourself, sir, you can give it to the pretty lady beside you."

Again Frederick William refused, and this time with tone and look of displeasure.

The little fellow stood still, a heavy cloud of grief spread itself over his countenance, and with a deep sigh he muttered, evidently to himself, "Again no dinner for us!"

The king, who had a particularly sharp ear, caught the words, and they arrested his steps; then, turning back, he gazed fixedly for a moment in the boy's face, and then, selecting six purses, laid down a double louis d'or in their place. Surprised and confounded, the little salesman gazed wistfully at the gold for a moment, then looking up at the purchaser, said, "Oh, Mr. Lieutenant, will you be so very kind as to pay them in groschens, for I have no money, and cannot give you change."

The boy's honest *naïveté*, rather a rare qualification, it must be owned, in traders of his class in every great city, disposed the monarch's heart in his favour; and, resolved to test him farther, he bent a deeply searching glance on the pleading countenance of the purse-vender, who returned the royal gaze with a look of unflinching and fearless frankness beaming from his large innocent eyes.

"Who art thou, and to whom dost thou belong?" asked the king, in a softened voice; and the little fellow related with childish openness and garrulity, how that his mother, the widow of colour-sergeant B—, lived in the upper story (of such a number in such a street) with her six children, of whom he was the eldest; that she had been ever since her husband's death in great poverty, and tried to support herself and family by knitting purses, which he was sent out to sell; "but," added the precociously wise one, in a piteous tone, "they bring in so little!"

"Really!" rejoined the king in a tone of commiseration, and suppressing the rising smile, "run home to your mother, then, as fast as you can with that money; I make her a present of it."

Such an event had assuredly never before befallen the vender of purses; no wonder, then, that he cast a look of incredulous perplexity on the Mr. Lieutenant who sported double louis d'ors; but the grave expression of the officer's face, coupled with the friendly nod with which he dismissed him, removed every doubt, and his whole face became radiant with joy.

"A thousand thousand thanks, and may God Almighty bless you, sir," cried the lad; and, like an arrow sped from a bow, he darted off in the direction he had indicated.

The king looked after him with pleased emotion, and perhaps his ministering angel whispered, "Here is probably a call for royal aid."

Some hours had elapsed. The family sat in their

little garret room, by a frugal meal; but though thin and worn, the faces of all wore a long absent expression of cheerfulness, for hunger, that too familiar guest, had been turned, at all events, temporarily, from their door, and the eldest born was relating for the third time his adventure with the generous "Mr. Lieutenant," when a knock was heard at the door.

All started in alarmed surprise, for visitors they had none; and when at length the widow found courage to call "Come in," alarm became speechless terror, when an officer entered, in whom the practised eye of the sergeant's widow instantly recognised a royal aid-de-camp.

With a grave and silent, though not unfriendly salutation, the officer cast a rapid and scrutinizing glance round the small apartment, and everywhere poverty—deep, all-pervading poverty—yet coupled with order and scrupulous cleanliness, met his view.

Benevolently desirous to dissipate the widow's perturbation, the officer briefly stated that he had his Majesty's orders to inquire into the widow's circumstances, and specially to ascertain if her little boy had adhered strictly to the truth.

This brought the surprised perplexity of the little circle to a climax. "What!" thought the widow, "can my boy have told? and how came his Majesty to hear of it?" But when the aid-de-camp dexterously led the boy to repeat, word for word, what he had told "Mr. Lieutenant" in the Deer Park, closing all by ingenuously asking his mother, "Did I not tell the truth in all that?" she could not do otherwise than confirm (though with tears of bashful poverty in her eyes) every syllable which her son had uttered.

One or two further queries sufficed to furnish the royal messenger with convincing proof of the terrible destitution in which the family of a deserving soldier now struggled, and with a friendly "adieu," he took his departure.

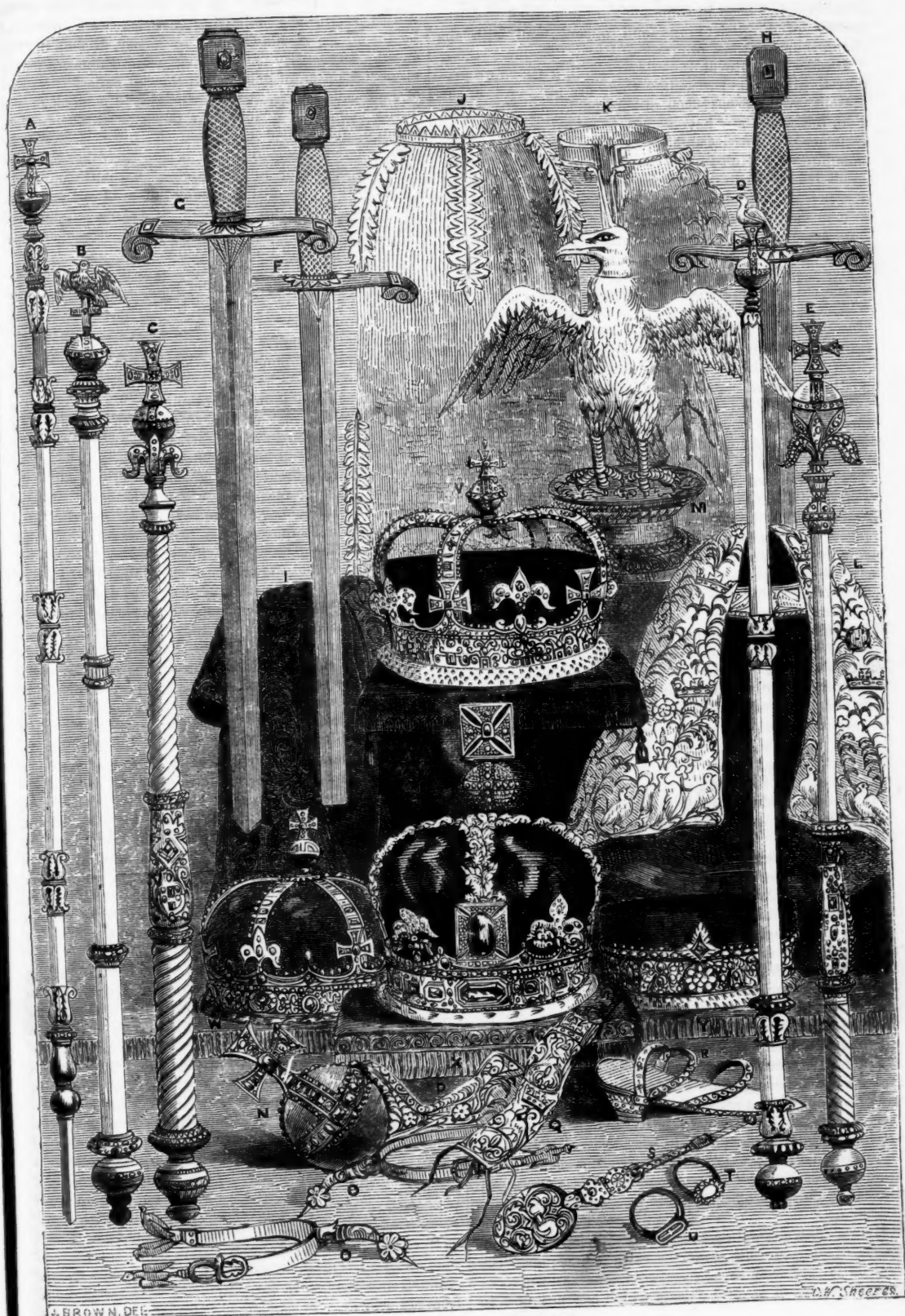
But Frederick William was one of those who sift things to the bottom: he had, therefore, farther instructed his aid-de-camp to inquire in the neighbourhood as to the widow's moral character. The result was full confirmation alike of her deservings and privations; and his report being made accordingly, it was not long ere the same officer was empowered to return to the widow, with the joyful tidings that his Majesty had settled on her a pension of 100 thalers (£15 sterling) per annum, and graciously offered to place her younger children for education in the Military Orphan School.

That these most opportune benefits were accepted by the widow with warmest gratitude, need scarcely be stated; and equally little do we require to advert to the thankful prayer which thenceforward was sent up night and morning by that rescued family for their royal benefactor.

THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.*

WITHIN the grey and venerable walls of the Tower of London, where so many matters of historical note are to be found, there are few which have more interest than

* THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.—A. St. Edward's Staff. B. The Sceptre with the Dove. C. The Sceptre with the Cross. D. The Queen's Ivory Sceptre. E. The Queen's Sceptre with the Cross. F. The Pointless Sword of Mercy. G. H. The two other Swords of State. I. The Supertunica. J. The Inner Dress. K. The Surcoat of Crimson Satin. L. The Open Pall. M. The Ampulla and Golden Eagle. N. The Orb with the Cross. O. O. The King's Golden Spurs. P. The Hose. Q. The Armilla. R. The Sandals. S. The Spoon for the Oil. T. The Queen's Ring. U. The King's Ring. V. St. Edward's Crown. W. The Queen's Crown. X. Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria. Y. The Queen's Circle.



THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

those objects which have figured on so many important occasions, and been in some measure connected with the careers of English kings and queens, and with the changes and onward progress of Great Britain.

Besides the Royal Regalia, respecting which we propose to give some particulars, there are preserved in the present jewel office, vessels of various kinds, of massive gold, but which are beyond any standard price, in consequence of the rarity and exquisite beauty of their workmanship—the Koh-i-noor diamond, and other bright jewels belonging to the crown. Although the building in which the Regalia are now kept has in modern times been, in very bad taste, deprived of its ancient appearance, there are near it the famous Norman Keep—the Beauchamp Tower, in which there are so many stone records of prisoners suffering—the place of execution—the little church close by, in which two headless queens and many eminent persons lie buried—the Traitor's Gate—and other objects of stirring interest. Each step here illustrates some page of our history, and gives rise to ideas, which form contrasts with our present better condition, and the unsettled state of former days.

Before the reign of King Henry III, the jewels and other ensigns of royalty were at times placed for their safe custody in some of the religious houses, but mostly in the Temple, in London. When the King went abroad, his crown and other objects of majesty usually accompanied him; and on the return of Henry III from France, in 1230, he commanded the Bishop of Carlisle to replace the jewels in the Tower, "as they had been before"—(this seems to be the first mention of their having been kept there).

When the Court was held at various towns, the jewels, etc., were, on important festivals, carried to those places. The ancient accounts show that the crown jewels were not always in such safe keeping as they are in Queen Victoria's reign. During the troubles which embittered the latter part of the time of Henry III, he conveyed his plate and jewels abroad, and confided them to the care of Margaret, Queen of France; they were laid up in the Temple, at Paris, and afterwards pledged to certain merchants of that nation, in order to raise money for the maintenance of the King's estate, in the necessities to which he was reduced by the rebellion of his barons. In 1272 they were redeemed, and brought back again to England.

Edward III's expensive wars obliged him to pawn even his crown and jewels to the merchants of Flanders: they, on this occasion, were recovered: for we find that, after the accession of his grandson, Richard II, certain crown jewels were placed in the hands of the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel, as security for the sum of ten thousand pounds, which that monarch had borrowed of John Philpot and other merchants of London. Even Henry V, a king of famous memory, was obliged, for the purpose of enabling him to carry on his wars, to pawn the pusan, a rich collar, to the mayor and commonalty of London, as security for the sum of ten thousand marks; and on the following year, having obtained large sums from the nobility and others, he empowered Thomas Chitterne, keeper of his jewels, to deliver them to those persons, as pledges for the payment of their respective loans. In the middle ages, a standard circulating medium was limited; it is therefore not so wonderful that the Regalia were often used, by offering them as security for means of revenue.

Henry VI on several occasions was reduced to the necessity of pawning his jewels to raise money; and the accounts of some of these transactions serve to give us some faint idea of several objects which are not now to

be found in the Tower. In the seventeenth year of this king's reign, the following articles were delivered, by the advice of his Council, to Henry, Bishop of Winchester, as security for a loan of seven thousand marks, viz:—"A pusan of gold, called the rich collar," "a sword of gold called the sword of Spaigne," "a tablet of gold in the manner of a boke," "a tablet of St. George," "a pusan of gold, called Iklynnton Collar," "17 saylers of gold, whereof that oon is a man, and the other a woman holding the saler in her handes," "ij pottes of gold." There were also a chalice, a tablet of gold of the Salutation of the Virgin, an image of St. George, a standing dish of gold, and several other articles, the whole of which were enriched with jewels, chasing, etc.

A few years afterwards other crown jewels were deposited with Humphrey, Earl of Buckingham, as security for part of a sum of money due to him for his own wages, and for the payment of men under his command engaged at the siege of Calais. In this agreement it was specified, that in case the money was not repaid at the end of twelve months to the Earl of Buckingham, he was at liberty to sell the jewels. Many other instances might be given of the risk or loss to which the Regalia have been exposed, even in comparatively recent times.

In Bayley's account of the Tower there is a very long list of the crown jewels, etc., in the jewel house, in the reign of James I; our space will not, however, allow us to go into particulars, but we proceed to give the list of what may now be more especially considered the English Regalia. At the present time, in the Tower, there are five crowns—one called the crown of St. Edward; the crown of state, made for her present Majesty; the Queen's circlet of gold; the Queen's crown, used at the coronations when there is a Queen Consort; and another crown, called the Queen's rich crown. Beside these there are the Orb, the Ampulla, and eagle of gold, the Curtana, or pointless sword of mercy, the state sword, and the two swords spiritual and temporal, and St. David's staff. This last is as old as the Anglo-Saxon times, and is supposed to have far greater antiquity. It is four feet seven inches in length, is chiefly of beaten gold, with a pike, or foot of steel four inches and a quarter long, and a mound and cross at the top. There are, too, the King's sceptre, with the cross; the King's sceptre, with the dove with wings expanded, an emblem of mercy; the Queen's ivory rod, and the Queen's sceptre with the cross. There is another elegant sceptre, which was found, in 1814, behind a wainscoting in the Tower. There are also the armilla, or bracelets, the royal spurs, the salt-cellar of state, which is a model in gold of the White Tower, and numerous vessels for common service, coronation banquets, etc.

The original crown of St. Edward, with which a long line of English kings have been crowned, seems to have in some way disappeared in the troubled time of Charles I's reign, and the crown, now called St. Edward's crown, was made for the coronation of Charles II. The crown called the state crown is different from that called St. Edward's crown. The state crown was worn at the coronation banquets, at the opening of Parliament, and other important state occasions. Various state crowns have been made, from time to time, for several kings and queens of England. On the accession of her present Majesty, a new state crown was ordered to be made; and for this purpose several old crowns were broken up, and other rare jewels brought into use. Respecting this important part of the Regalia, Professor Tennant, of King's College, says that the Imperial state crown of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies,

sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold. It has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown of his Majesty George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and 6 other sapphires, (3 on each side,) between which are 8 emeralds. Above and below the 7 sapphires are 14 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are 8 sapphires, surmounted by 8 diamonds, between which are 8 festoons, consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, in the eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form a cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124, and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between four Maltese crosses are 4 ornaments in the form of the French *fleur-de-lis*, with 4 rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86, and 87 rose diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 728 rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; 32 pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendant pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond cups, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper, 244 brilliants; the cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by 4 large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants.

The following is a summary of the jewels comprised in the crown of state:—1 large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.

The office of keeper of the royal jewels has been considered one of considerable importance, and was holden by persons of distinction. In the reign of Henry VIII, Thomas Cromwell, who was afterwards Earl of Essex, was appointed to this post. The keeper was styled the Master and Treasurer of the Jewel-house; and besides the care of the Regalia in the Tower, he had the purchasing and custody of all royal plate, the appointment of the king and queen's goldsmiths and jewellers, the furnishing of plate to ambassadors and great officers of state, and the remanding of it when the ambassadors returned, or the officers died, or were removed. He had lodgings in all the king's houses, and conveyance as well for the plate as for his own household, on removals of the court. The salary attached to his office was only £50 per annum, but his perquisites were very considerable; and in the reign of King Charles II, after they had undergone considerable reduction, amounted to £1300 yearly. He was allowed a table of fourteen dishes, with beer, wine,

etc., or 38s. daily for board wages; £300 came to him every year out of the New Year's gift money; and about £300 more he obtained by carrying presents to ambassadors. He had an allowance of twenty-eight ounces of plate yearly, and the small presents sent to the king, anciently valued at £30 or £40, as also the purses wherein the lords presented their gold, which were usually worth £30 or £40 each. In public processions he had precedence next to privy counsellors. At coronations he wore a scarlet robe, and dined at the barons' table in Westminster Hall; and at opening and closing sessions of Parliament, and on passing of bills, when the king appeared in his robes, he attended to put on and take off the crown from his Majesty's head.

Sir Henry Mildmay was Master and Treasurer of the Jewel-house during the interregnum, but on the restoration of Charles II, and the attainder of Sir Henry, the office was given to Sir Gilbert Talbot, when many of the perquisites were either abolished or came into other hands; and since that period, all the duties and advantages of the place have either been done away with, or have merged in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, except the custody of the Regalia in the Tower, the appointment of which is also in his lordship's gift.

The Master had formerly lodgings in the Tower, but did not reside there except on important occasions, that part of his charge being confided to a trusty servant. And it was soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot that the Regalia in the Tower first became objects of public inspection, which King Charles allowed in consequence of the above mentioned reductions in the emoluments of the Master's office. The profits which arose from showing the jewels to strangers, Sir Gilbert assigned in lieu of a salary to the person whom he had appointed to the care of them. This was an old confidential servant of his father's, one Talbot Edwards, whose name is still so well known as keeper when the notorious attempt was made by Blood to steal the crown in the year 1673, of which an account was given in our last number.

MY ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH all my feelings revolting at his innumerable misdeeds, I could not but scan with much of admiration the magnificent *physique* of the prisoner. His stature, though above the middle height, was hardly six feet, and his proportions were not herculean; but, for all that, his figure was admirable for its symmetry, and his head—that classic head—would have caused quite a sensation had it been seen in the *salons* of Europe. It was that of a man of some twenty-five years; the features were of the Grecian type—decided, but generously moulded. If there was a fault in the contour of the face, it was that the high cheek-bones conveyed somewhat of the Tartar conformation; but it was this peculiarity, and the light coppery bronze of the skin, with the wondrous Asiatic eye, which, without detracting from its beauty, gave a rare and fascinating character to a face, such as my amateur artist's vision never before encompassed. For evil or for good, one did not require lessons in phrenology, to be assured that such a head must win distinction from the common herd. Beyond the stern preparations made to guard him, Chinook was not otherwise molested, but treated with a certain consideration which his undoubted courage—apart from his atrocities—no doubt won for him. Many visitors, also, gathered round him, chatting freely and gaily, and made him little presents of tobacco, etc. Harshness and threats were not

allowed to be used towards him, neither was he aware of the nature of the delay of his fate—which was really caused by the preparations for his approaching trial. With all these apparent signs in his favour, his was too subtle a nature even for a moment to be buoyed up by any hope of ultimate escape. He knew he must die, and that all the tribes in Oregon or California could not save him. All the interest, indeed, that many tribes possessed, was put forward on his behalf—showing the great estimation in which he was held by them. First of all, with the strange idiosyncrasy of Indians—the Chinese have the same custom—they offered another man to die in Chinook's place: afterwards six. These substitutes not being accepted—a white man—a captive, was offered in exchange. Failing in this proposal, a white woman and her children, held in captivity, were proffered for our prisoner. Even this last proposal was rejected by us. It seemed very, very hard to neglect the opportunity of saving a white Christian woman and her offspring from such a doom as they were exposed to; but still, we thought ourselves justified by the extreme exigencies of the case. Our prisoner had been the contriver and leader of most of the massacres committed in Oregon on white people; and to have released him, to work his will again, would have been suicidal.

Even before the last offer failed, Chinook himself considered it was time "to set his house in order." Calling the attention of some of his guards, he collected a heap of sand before him, smoothed its surface perfectly flat, and with his forefinger he drew a rude but comprehensive map of the country round about. Then he marked a spot on a creek of the Illamath River, a day's journey distant, and intimated his desire that a person there, under the protection of a guard, might come into the city to visit him. The request was not refused, and a number of our young men started for the point indicated. They returned with a young Indian woman, a wife of Chinook's. Her dress was as pretty and coquettish as herself, consisting of a tunic of finely dressed deer-skin, trimmed with swan's down. Magnificent wild flowers of the prairie were twined in her jet-black locks, and fairy moccasins encased her *mignoné* feet. Discreetly from a distance we watched the meeting of husband and wife. Alack for those who, reading this, expect a scene of harrowing anguish, of despairing embraces, of tears and wailings! Such things do not constitute Indian decorum. The young wife tripped gently up to her lord and master, who did not even rise to receive her, carefully avoided meeting his eye, which in truth was averted, and humbly and demurely squatted down by his side, and fell to threading beads. "Ugh!" said her lord—never once deigning to bestow a glance upon her, "one clutchedman, (wife), good! want two clutchedman;" and, constructing another map of sand, he pointed out another spot, in an entirely different district, where a bereaved wife awaited a guard to conduct her to her spouse. Again the messengers set out, and returned with wife number two, even younger and prettier than the first. Her demeanour, on joining her husband, was in nowise different from the other; calmly and self-possessed she took her seat near him, showed her white teeth in recognition of her sister wife, and began to assist her in the interminable bead-threading. Now and then he would seem pondering on the ground, as if planning another map; but we had indulged him more than enough already.

One day an old scarecrow of an Indian woman arrived, footsore and weary, at the city. She had no want of an escort to protect her charms; in truth, she was such a hag as only Indian women can become through old age

and hardships. It was the mother of the chief. What a contrast her behaviour, to the well-bred *retenue* of the young squaws! Poor mother! neglected, and no doubt left to bitter want and privations, as thy skeletal limbs showed, under thy scanty rags, who could mock thy beldame antics and shrill wails of grief, as elfinly thou rushedst upon and hoveredst round him, the ingrate and doomed, but not less thy son! Not I—not my companions. And even he of the iron soul for a moment relents, and needs must smile and nod his head, in confirmation of the signs by which thou tellest us in explanation of thy unbounded woe—by pointing to thy bust of Hecate—that thou art, indeed, his mother!

The upshot of the trial was "death," of course. To read a severe lesson to the Indians, the form of execution was ordered to be that of hanging. This is a terrible disgrace to an Indian, who, if he had the power, would gladly suffer ten deaths by the bullet in preference, as it attaches a stigma to his memory which reflects on his tribe. In vain the surrounding tribes sent in delegates to pray for a remittance of the sentence. We were not to be driven from our resolve. A lofty scaffold was erected on the plain, and on the day of execution, no less than a thousand white men surrounded it, fully armed, for we feared a rescue, as the Indians were driven to desperation. When the humiliated chieftain ascended the scaffold, the vast amphitheatre of hills was crowded with Indians, and as the rope was adjusted, and his body swung in the air, a wail of sorrow and despair arose from the red spectators, that caused the bravest of us to start and look to our arms. But beyond this, there was no demonstration, and in that sad prolonged cry the ambitious and guilty soul of the red chieftain passed away. To add to the humiliation of the Indians, his remains were not given up to them, but consumed on a funeral pyre.

His mother, rejecting all the presents we offered her, which would have made her comfortable for life, refused all nourishment and died. The young widows, I am sorry to say, not finding a white skin—and, truth to say, their own colour was not darker than that of a brunette—incompatible with the ideas of a husband, each accepted an eligible offer of the number presented to her choice. This will appear less surprising, when I state that at that time there were not more than five white women among 2000 men on the Shasta Plains.

When the execution was over, we sought Zeph, and found him by our camp extended on the sward in a deep sleep. Pepita apparently keeping watch over him. When he woke, which was not till late in the evening, we all begged and insisted that, as nothing could possibly now detain him, he should set out on the morrow for the Columbia. Finding it impossible to evade our importunities, the poor fellow consented, but added with a sad smile, "If this would let him;" and he pressed his hand with an expression of subdued pain against his right side. There was evidently a wound there. With grave forebodings I sought a surgeon friend of mine in the mines, and insisted upon Zeph submitting to an examination. A hopeless shake of the head by the doctor was the verdict. It conveyed a death warrant. On the right side, he had discovered a severe gunshot wound, of long standing, the bullet of which had never been extracted or the wound properly dressed. It was too late to do anything, as there were signs of mortification having set in, and it was only to be attributed to the wondrous constitution of the patient, that he had not succumbed long ere now. Poor Zeph, he confessed that he had received the wound on the night of the attack, but looking upon it, as the monk upon his hair shirt, in the light of expiation, he had

suicidally neglected it. Three days afterwards he died. "Tell them," were his last words to me, as he gave me his people's address on the Columbia, "tell them to forgive me for causing the death of my brothers."

I never sent that death-bed message. If any one blames me for withholding it, I reply that my conscience has never once since blamed me. When I sent the mules of the three dead brothers to the Columbia, in charge of a return train, I remitted along with them a letter to the parents, in which I detailed their sons' deaths; but of Zeph's sleeping on his post, and moral suicide, I said not a word. "It is not needed," I thought: "their cup of grief is full to the brim and overflowing already."

MY PAINT-BOX.

CONTINUING the description of the colours, the next is

Carmine.—Carmine is a very brilliant deep-toned crimson, possessing great power in its full touches, and much clearness in its pale washes. It flows and washes extremely well, but is seldom used in landscape painting.

Crimson lake, though deficient in richness and brilliancy as compared with carmine, is generally useful in all departments of the art.

Purple lake is transparent and deep-toned: useful in shadows.

These colours are made from the dried bodies of the cochineal, which is a curious little insect, a variety of *coccus*, which lives upon different species of the *Cactus opuntia*, or nopal. The female insects, which are wingless, are alone collected, and the different degrees of value attached to them depend chiefly on the different methods employed to kill and dry the insects. Ward, in his work on Mexico, states that the plantations of the nopal are confined to the district La Misteca, in the state of Oaxaca, in Mexico. The insects are domesticated and reared with great care. The harvest commences at the time of fecundation. The insects are brushed off with a squirrel's tail, and usually killed by placing the baskets containing them in heated rooms, or stoves. It is said that, on the average, one pound of cochineal contains seventy thousand dried insects. The quantity exported from and consumed in England must be nearly two million pounds.

When first imported into Europe from Mexico, the cochineal was imagined to be a seed or grain, and its dyes were spoken of as "grain" colours. Of this mistake the following story is told. Shortly after the commencement of the eighteenth century, a Dutchman, named Melchior de Runsscher, affirmed in a society, from real information he had obtained, that cochineal consisted of small animals. Another person, whose name has not been handed down, maintained the contrary, with so much heat and violence, that the dispute at last ended in a heavy wager. Runsscher engaged a Spaniard, one of his friends, who was about to depart for Mexico, to procure for him in that country authentic proofs of what he had asserted. These proofs, legally confirmed in October, 1725, by the Court of Justice in the city of Antiquera, in the valley of Oaxaca, arrived at Amsterdam in the autumn of 1726. Before this, Runsscher got possession of the sum betted, which amounted to the whole property of his disputant; but after keeping it a certain time, he returned it, deducting only the expenses he had incurred in procuring the evidence, and in causing it to be published. It formed a small volume, with the following title, printed in red letters—"The History of Cochineal, proved by authentic Documents." These proofs, sent from Mexico, were written in Dutch, French, and Spanish.

In the year 1814, the price of the best cochineal in this country was as high as thirty-nine shillings, but it has since gone on regularly declining, till it has sunk to about four shillings. It is often adulterated with various substances; in London, sulphate of baryta, or heavy spar, and bone or ivory black, may often be found with it.

The ancient Mexicans, as Prescott informs us, were acquainted with the rich crimson of the cochineal, and so were enabled to give a brilliant colouring to the webs, which were manufactured of every degree of fineness, from the cotton raised in the warmer provinces.

The Lakes.—Certain lakes are prepared from madder; they range from pink to the deepest rose colour, and are known by the respective names of madder carmine, madder lake, rose madder, and pink madder. Of these, madder lake is perhaps the most used in all classes of water-colour painting. It is a very delicate carnation, much clearer in its pale tints than either carmine or crimson lake, but wanting in intensity.

Madder is from the root of the *Rubia tinctoria*. The best roots are those which have the size of a writing-quill. They are of a reddish colour; have a strong odour, and a smooth bark. The madder, taken from the ground and picked, must be dried, in order to be ground and preserved. The madder plant has a weak, square, jointed stem, and rises to the height of eight feet when supported, otherwise it creeps along the ground. It grows wild in the Levant, as well as in Italy, the southern parts of France, and in Switzerland. The cultivated kind is propagated with advantage in various countries of Europe, especially in Holland. Its culture has often been attempted in England, but always without success. The contrary is the case in Russia, as it is there rapidly extending. Lime seems to be a principal element of all those soils in which the best madder is grown.

Madder is the colouring matter used in the turkey red dye, so celebrated for brilliancy and permanency.

Virgil, in his fourth Eclogue, says that the wool of the sheep became red by the animals eating the madder which grew in the fields. In 1736, John Belchier, an English surgeon, having dined with a cotton-spinner, observed that the bones of the pork which was brought to table were red. As he seemed surprised at this circumstance, his host assured him that the redness was occasioned by the pigs feeding on the water mixed with bran, in which the cotton cloth was boiled, and which was coloured by the madder used in printing it. Belchier, it is said, when he arrived home, instituted experiments which satisfied him that such was the case; and he communicated his discovery to the Royal Society, in a paper which was printed in their Transactions.

Vermilion.—Vermilion is an opaque bright scarlet red, high in its tone; but a want of transparency, and its not flowing well, preclude it from being used so generally as would be desirable. It affords, however, beautifully delicate tones. There are several shades of vermilion manufactured, ranging from a crimson tone, through scarlet to orange. The scarlet tint is most useful for landscape.

Vermilion is a compound of mercury and sulphur, in the proportion of one hundred parts of the former to sixteen of the latter. It occurs in nature as a common ore of quicksilver. Holland long kept a monopoly of the manufacture of vermilion, from being alone in possession of the art of giving it a fine flame colour.

Light Red.—This is a clear and transparent, but not a bright red. With cobalt, it yields fine greys; with black and brown pink, fine warm near tones.

Light red is obtained by calcining the finest specimens of Oxford ochre.

Venetian Red.—Venetian red is a very serviceable colour for general purposes; its tints, though not bright, are clear, and it mixes and works well with cobalt or French blue, affording fine pearly greys. Heightened by madder lake, it gives a fine glowing red, very useful in some descriptions of skies. Saddened with black, it gives low-toned reds of good quality for buildings.

Indian Red.—This is a deep lakey red earth, which affords fine clear tints in the light washes, and useful shadows when mixed with Indian ink or ivory black. It is much used for greys when mixed with indigo or with cobalt. With yellow ochre, it forms a good colour for banks and roads.

Purple Madder.—Purple madder is an intensely deep, rich, and warm purple, affording the greatest depth of shadow, without coldness of tint. The clearness and beauty of its delicate tones render it valuable in every stage of a drawing. With indigo and raw sienna, it gives excellent shadow tints.

Madder Brown.—This is of intense depth and transparency, affording equally the richest descriptions of shadows, and the most delicate pale tints. With cobalt or French blue, a set of fine warm or cool greys are compounded, in proportion as the brown or blue predominates. With sepia, it forms a warm tint for the stems and branches of trees.

Vandyke Brown.—This brown is a very rich transparent pigment, employed in almost every department of the water colour art. It is clear in its pale tints, and deep and warm in shadows. With indigo, it gives very clear, sober, neutral greens, for middle distance. With gamboge, it forms an excellent tint for faded and decayed leaves.

Sepia.—This is a pigment prepared from a black juice secreted by certain glands of the cuttle-fish, which the animal ejects to darken the water when it is pursued. All the varieties of this mollusk secrete the same sort of juice; but the *sepia officinalis*, the *sepia loligo*, and the *sepia tunicata*, are chiefly sought after for making this pigment. The first named, which occurs abundantly in the Mediterranean Sea, affords most colour; the sea water containing it being extracted, the juice is dried as quickly as possible, because it rapidly putrefies. Caustic alkalis dissolve the sepia and turn it brown.

That description of pigment called warm sepia, is, perhaps, the best washing colour we have in our box. With gamboge, it affords, for landscape, a range of fine neutral greens; with indigo, it gives very cold dark greens; and with Prussian or Antwerp blue, low olive greens; with lake and indigo, it produces an excellent colour for slate.

Cologne Earth.—This earth is a cool brown, useful for the shadows of buildings. It is a decomposing variety of lignite or brown coal. In the vicinity of Cologne it is damped and pressed into moulds, and used as fuel. Another excellent brown is derived from the smut of corn. It was discovered about a dozen years ago, by Mr. Parrott.

Bistre.—Bistre is a fine brown colour that washes well, and has a clearness about it suited to shadows in architectural subjects. It is prepared from wood soot, that of beech being preferred.

Bistre, Prussian blue, and gamboge, form a beautiful sea-green tint.

Burnt Umber.—This brown is a quiet colour, affording clear and warm shadows. It is apt to look rather turbid if used in great depth; but it washes and works beautifully: in buildings it is invaluable.

The umber, found in the Island of Cyprus occurs in beds with brown jasper.

Brown Pink.—This colour is almost indispensable in landscape, affording generally the rich foliage tints in foregrounds. It can be modified by admixture with burnt sienna or gamboge—a compound which, with the addition of a small quantity of indigo, gives a warm green.

Emerald Green.—Emerald green is a very vivid light green, the brilliancy of which cannot be equalled by any mixture of blue and yellow. It is employed generally in draperies of landscape figures, heads of boats, or the like. It should be used discreetly. A much more valuable green is that called Dewint's Green, which is a fine olive colour, of sober richness.

Indelible Brown Ink.—This is a rich brown fluid, and, as its name indicates, is indelibly fixed on the paper as soon as it is dry, thus allowing the artist to work or wash over it repeatedly, without its being disturbed. Even if diluted with water to its faintest tint, it still continues to possess its indelible property undiminished. It is generally used in a reed-pen, and employed principally in architectural details and outlines.

The Blacks.—Lampblack has a very strong body, that readily covers every underlay of colour. Mixed with French blue, or cobalt, it affords good cloudy greys, which are useful for the shadows of heavy stormy clouds.

Ivory black is rather more intense and transparent than lampblack, and, in its pale tones, is more brown.

Pliny speaks of lampblack being made in huts built for the purpose, and from which the smoke of burning pine-wood was conveyed into a close apartment. The article was certainly adulterated, when soot, taken from the baths and other places where an open fire was maintained with wood of all kinds, was mixed with it. It is remarkable that black from burnt refuse of grapes, which artists consider as a very excellent black, was made at that early period. A large portion of the present supply is obtained from Mentz, through Frankfort, and on that account it is called Frankfort black. The refuse of the grapes is charred in a close fire, and being then finely pounded, is packed into casks.

Another very useful black pigment is obtained from China, although it goes by the name of Indian ink.

Ivory black, and bone black, are the carbonaceous substances into which bones and ivory shavings are converted by calcination in close vessels.

White.—For a long time painters in water-colours laboured under serious disadvantages in respect to a white paint. The old "constant white" was very inconstant, as it did not long maintain its tone, but became almost black, as did also "flake white," its successor. Happily, the investigations of science pointed the way of escape from this difficulty; for the "Chinese white" is prepared beautifully white, and has the quality of dense body; so much so, that, as the painter works, his effects remain unaltered by the lapse of time. It works and washes with great freedom, and has no pasty or clogging qualities, like the imperfect whites formerly in use. "When this pigment," writes Mr. J. D. Harding, in his "Principles and Practice of Art," "was first put into my hands, in 1834, I applied to one of my friends, whose name as a chemist is amongst the most distinguished in our country, to analyse it for me, and to tell me if I might rely on its durability; the reply was, that if it would in all other respects answer the purpose I required of it, I had nothing to fear on account of its durability."

The smaller lights in a painting are frequently given by this white; as it must be used with caution, some experience is necessary. A tremulous or uncertain

hand gives the touch unevenly and without decision. Sharpness of touch is indispensable, and can be obtained only by a quick and firm action of the hand. A small quantity should be taken from the bottle, and gently rubbed in the saucer or on the palette, until equally mixed. Should it be required rather thinner, add a little water; but if thicker, allow it to remain a few minutes, when it will be fit to produce the most vivid and sparkling lights. The brush should receive it only at the top, where only it can be properly managed.

ROOKS.

I WAS brought up in the society of rooks, and taught from earliest childhood to look upon them as sacred birds. My grandfather never would allow them to be shot. They used to walk up quite close to the windows of the old library, where he sat among his books, as much at home as he. And when he went out, as he often did, to look at the cows, and scratch the pigs with his spud, or give a carrot to his favourite old piebald, now past work, and made free of the paddock for the rest of his days, the rooks knew him well. They filled two clusters of high trees close to the house; the carriage road passed through one, and my grandfather always said he could tell when a stranger came, by the observations of the rooks; their note was then uneasy; if the stranger stopped and made gestures at them with a stick, such as putting it to his shoulder like a gun, the rooks were unequivocally offended. They took short flights from tree to tree, and tremendous break-neck hops among the upper boughs, as much as to say, "Can't the fellow see he is troublesome!"

The language of rooks is very effective. I do not know a more plaintive lamentation than that of the parent birds, while their young ones are being shot. Afraid as they are of a gun, ready as they generally are to be gone directly they catch a glimpse of one, they will not leave the rookery then, but beat the air around the trees from morning till evening, while their full-grown children drop in helpless succession. The young rooks, or perchers, as they are called, leave the nest—which indeed would not hold more than one of them by this time, they having grown as big as the mother bird—about the latter end of May, and sit on neighbouring twigs.

Some morning, while all is going on as usual, after the parents have been out in the fresh early sunshine gathering food for their families, while they see their young ones on the very edge of flight, in a few days ready to plunge with them from off the top branches of the elm, and swim for the first time in air—just when the critical moment of joy at the perfect success of a hatch has come, and father and grandfather, the young couple now proud of their firstlings, and the many-wintered crow who long has "led the clanging rookery home," are cawing gravely but pleasantly about the joys and trials of the passing season, some brisk snobs arrive beneath the trees. They have come for the day; evidently, they have brought a hamper with lunch.

"Picnic?" says a two-year old rook, to an elderly bird sitting close by him, who shakes his head.

It is a day's rook shooting. Presently the snobs get out their neat little pea rifles, and load; and then, there is waiving in the air; the perchers hop and sidle as bullet after bullet whistles by. Phit! crack! puff! phit! thud! down they tumble, and spread their tails, and clench their claws as they lie where they have fallen to the ground.

They will be picked up and counted in the evening—perhaps while the gentlemen are at lunch.

Meanwhile, the helpless ranks are thinned, and the screaming parent birds fly wildly round and round, now and then plunging down to alight for a moment by their doomed offspring. Ay! yea, down on the very twigs from which several have dropped already, till the agony of fear gets for a few minutes the better of the love of children, and they watch the slaughter from the wing.

The whole scene reminds me more of what the sacking of a town must be, than anything else I know. You can hear it going on from a great way off—all over the place.

It is remarkable, however, that rooks bring up their young only to part with them for ever. I imagine that a pair of sparrows could very soon colonize the thatch of an old barn; a couple of rabbits quickly people a warren; but each successive generation of rooks depart, unless—this is the curious part of it—unless they are shot. When the whole hatch throughout the rookery is allowed to grow up, they outnumber the old birds, the original inhabitants, altogether, and emigrate as a matter of course. But, when most are shot, the remnant, the cherished survivors, settle down in the old place; they are not numerous enough to make a colony or a dangerous majority, and so they stay.

Thus the rookeries which are "shot," increase more than those which are let alone. Ours diminished, sometimes for several years together; then the old folks apparently reconciled themselves to a few immigrants, and the census returns looked up again. This year, (I paid the old place a visit lately,) they are more numerous than usual.

Rooks are gentlemanly birds, and conservative in politics. They respect tradition, and eschew excitement. There is a steadiness and solidity about their way of living and general conversation, which is brought out strikingly by the flippant impertinence of some of their acquaintance and companions. Look at the contrast between the rook and the jackdaw. You always find them together, but the latter are pert and busy chatters, while the others converse. To an unpractised eye they look alike at a distance when the grey head is undistinguishable. I think, however, I could pick every jackdaw out of a flight of rooks. They are not only smaller, but the pulsations of the wing are much more rapid. Their note when flying is much more frequent than that of the rooks; indeed, like most chatterboxes, they appear to the inexperienced more numerous and influential than they really are.

Rooks are sociable and domestic—often living near men; they keep their own distance, however, and do not suffer liberties to be taken with them; still, they will take a hint. We had an avenue of elms, partly overhanging the house, which it was absolutely necessary to prevent the rooks from building in. Sometimes, however, in spite of the traditional prohibition, a couple, young in the world, I suppose, would begin their nest in this avenue. By shooting at it while in progress the birds would not only leave off building there, but pull to pieces all that they had done. It is asserted, I believe with truth, that old rooks are occasionally obliged to punish the thieving propensities of some lazy associate in the same way. I don't mean by shooting, but by destroying the nest constructed with stolen materials. I have several times noticed a great palaver in the rookery during building time, which has resulted in the demolition of a half-built house. It must be a temptation to an unprincipled rook to see many suitable sticks brought up to the tops of the trees, and laid about in preliminary confusion.

Rooks mount guard. You may often notice one sitting up in a tree, while the whole community are grubbing away in a field below. It is marvellous how soon they notice whether you have a gun in your hand or not; so quick is their sight when they know their movements are suspicious, or position equivocal, that the people in my part of the world aver that they can smell even unburnt gunpowder from afar.

But when they know they are doing no harm, they approach close to man, following the plough at the very heels of the peasant, wheeling round his head, and pouncing down on the worms and grubs which are discovered in the fresh turned furrow. Then their caw is fat and cheery, like pleasant dinner talk.

They are often accused, like others, of doing harm when they are actually conferring good. Indeed, they are one of the farmer's best protectors against the ravages of the wire worm, from which they often help most materially to free the crop.

It is true that a rook cannot always resist the temptation of fresh-set potatoes and dibbled corn; it looks so tempting in the neat circular hole, that he sometimes picks it out, though probably to look for grubs. A cruel trap has been thus sometimes laid for him; viz. a funnel of paper, fitting the conical hole made in the ground by the dibble, but smeared inside with bird-lime. When the intrusive rook takes out his head he brings out this on it, like a cap drawn over the eyes. Thus blinded, he flies up, round and round, till he is worn out, and drops, like what sportsmen call a "towered bird."

But the means mostly taken to keep rooks from doing mischief are less severe. It is quite a calling for boys to "Holloa the rooks" during seed and spring time. Sometimes the urchin has a gun, but the sly thieves soon find it won't go off, or that, if it does, the result is more alarming than dangerous. Sometimes the boy carries a dead rook, which he throws up into the air as high as he can. A few nervous birds think this the rising of their own appointed sentry, and make off.

It is very pleasant to watch the rooks at play; no animals enjoy the first fine days of early spring or late winter with greater glee. They then romp about in the bare trees like kittens. But I think that on the whole they find most pleasure in autumn. I remember one late September day, watching them for a long time. The air was perfectly still—you could hear the light tap of a falling leaf, as it rustled to the ground. There was not a cloud in the sky but, as it seemed, unusual floods of warm silent sunshine. The rooks made a great to do for a time; they were at some council and could not agree. Presently, however, they rose in a body and began flying upwards in wide circles till they looked like a parcel of little birds high up in the air—still sweeping round and round. Then, all at once, the whole community slid off in the same direction with level wing, till they passed away out of sight. They had flown so high to get this glorious launch. Their notes, when they dashed off down the air slope, were a chorus of corvine laughter. Two or three fell out, and came grumbling back; they had forgotten something, I suppose, or were bilious and unsociable—all the rest were absent for the day.

Rooks do not always sleep at home. Sometimes the trees in which they may be said to live are deserted at night; generally when they are absent it is in company. You may frequently see many hundreds about sunset flying steadily in one direction: they are going to bed. Their only thought when turning in is to go to sleep with their noses to the wind. You may see them all

settling down; but if there is any breeze, every one will point towards the quarter whence it comes, and go to sleep on his perch with the equanimity of M. Blondin.

Rooks' nests are built to last, being merely repaired from year to year. Indeed, I have known them put in "a stitch in time," even before the usual building season commenced.

They choose the sites for their dwellings with much apparent caprice—sometimes fixing on low accessible firs, sometimes even solitary trees in the heart of London itself, though generally they prefer the "windy elms" near a country house. They lay four or five eggs, of a dull blotchy green, and place their nests close together on the tops of whatever trees they select for the purpose. Thus they are obliged to look very sharp after their proper sticks, and punish theft with strict severity—sometimes even trespass; for they are occasionally as jealous of new comers, who try to settle honestly among them, as they are indignant at the discovery of fraud among the recognised members of their own community; in some cases uniting to drive them quite away, in others only pulling their half-built nest to pieces, when they try to build them too near to those of the original proprietors. But, on the whole, they agree pretty well among themselves.

THE PEARL.

By GEORGE HERBERT.

[The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.—Matthew XIII. 45, 46.]

I know the ways of Learning; both the head
And Pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What Reason hath from Nature borrowed,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing Nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit:
In vies of favours whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes:
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more:
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have thy love;
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinth, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk-twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee.